

## SONNET XXX,



;EP now no more, mine eyes; but  
be you drowned

In your own tears, so many years distilled!  
And let her know, that at them long hath  
frowne^ That you can weep no more,  
although She willed, This hap, her cruelty  
hath her allotten,  
Who whilom was Commandress of each  
part; That, now, her proper griefs must  
be forgotten, By those true outward  
signs of inward smart. For how can he,  
that hath not one tear left him,

Stream out those floods that're due unto  
her moaning; When, both of eyes and tears  
She hath bereft him ?

O yet I'll signify my grief with groaning!  
True sighs, true groans shall echo in the air  
And say, " FIDESSA, though most cruel, is  
most fair !"

## SONNET XXXI.



TONGUE, never cease to sing FIDESSA'S  
praise!

Heart, however she deserve, conceive  
the best! Eyes, stand amazed to see her  
beauty's rays ! Lips, steal one kiss, and be for  
ever blest! Hands, touch that hand wherein  
your life is closed !

Breast, lock up fast in thee thy life's sole  
treasure! Arms, still embrace, and never be  
disclosed!

Feet, run to her, without, or pace, or  
measure! Tongue, heart, eyes, lips, hands,  
breast, arms, feet,

Consent to do true homage to your Queen!  
Lovely, fair, gentle, wise, virtuous, sober, sweet!

Whose like shall never be, hath never  
been ! O that I were all tongue, her praise  
to shew; Then surely my poor heart were  
freed from woel